HOPE

HEALTH OPULENCE PEACE ENLIGHTENMENT

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THE ANSWER

I met God in the morning when the day was at its best,
And His glory rose within me, like a sunrise in my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered, all day long He stayed with me,
And We sailed in peaceful glory o'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were torn and battered, other ships were sore distressed,
But the wind that seemed to drive them, brought to me a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings with a keen remorse of mind,
When I, too, had loosed the moorings with the Presence left behind.

So, at last, I know the secret learned along Life's venturous way—
You must seek Him in the morning, if you want Him through the day.

R. A. CUSHMAN

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"THERE IS NO DEATH!"

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The Source

By HENRY VAN DYKE

In the middle of Koorma, the Land of the Half-forgotten, I was toiling through heavy sand and grass as hard as wire. Suddenly, toward evening, I came upon a place where a gate opened in the wall of mountains, and the plain ran in through the gate, making a little bay of level country among the hills.

Now this bay was not brown and hard and dry like the mountains above me, neither was it covered with tawny billows of sand like the desert along the edge of which I had wearily coasted. The surface of it was smooth and green. There were fields of corn and vineyards with long rows of trimmed maple trees, standing each one like an emerald goblet wreathed with vines and flower gardens as bright as if the earth had been embroidered with threads of blue and scarlet and gold, and olive orchards frosted over with delicate and fragrant blossoms.

I wondered greatly how this beauty had come into being on the border of the desert. Passing through the fields and gardens and orchards, I found that they were all encircled and lined with channels full of running water. I followed up one of the smaller channels until it came to a larger stream and as I walked on beside it, still going upward, it guided me into the midst of the city where I saw a merry river flowing through the main street, with abundance of water and a very pleasant sound.

There were houses and shops and lofty palaces and all that makes a city, but in the life and joy of all, the one thing that I remember best was the river. In the open square at the edge of the city there were marble pools where the children might bathe and play; at the corners of the streets and on the sides of the houses there were fountains for the drawing of water; at every crossing a stream was turned aside to run out of the vineyards; and the river was the mother of them all.

There were but few people in the streets and none from whom I might ask counsel or a lodging; so I knocked at the door of a house. It was opened by an old man who greeted me with kindness and bade me enter as his guest. When supper was

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ended, his friendly manner and something of singular attractiveness in his countenance led me to tell him of my strange journeyings in lands where I had been seeking the Blue Flower, and to inquire of him the name and the story of his city and the source of the river which made it glad.

"My son," he answered, "this is the city which was called Ablis, that is to say, forsaken. Long ago men lived here and the river made their fields fertile, but because of many evil things the river was turned aside, or else it was dried up at its source in the high place among the mountains. The channels and the trenches and the marble pools and the basins beside the houses remained, but they were empty. So the gardens withered; the fields were barren; the city was desolate.

"Then there came One from a distant country Who told the people that it was vain to dig new cisterns and to keep the channels and trenches clean; for the water had come only from above. The Source must be found again and reopened. The river would not flow unless they traced it back to the spring and visited it continually and offered prayers and praises beside it without ceasing. Then the spring would rise to a new outpouring and the city would rejoice.

"So He went forth to open the fountain; but there were few that went with Him. The path upward was steep and rough, but his companions saw that as He climbed among the rocks little streams of water gushed from the places where He trod and pools began to gather in the dry river-bed. He went more swiftly than they could follow Him. A little farther on they came to the rising of the river and there, beside the overflowing Source, they found their Leader lying dead."

"That was a strange thing," I cried, "and very pitiful. Tell me what was the meaning of it."

"I cannot tell the whole of the meaning," replied the old man, "for it was many years ago, but this poor man had many enemies in the city who hated Him for His words. I believe that they went out after Him secretly and slew Him. But His followers came back to the city; and as they came the river began to run down very gently after them. They returned to the Source day by day, for they said their Leader was really alive, though the form of His life had changed and that He met them in that

high place while they remembered Him and prayed and sang songs of praise. The more the Source was revisited, the more it filled the river. All the channels and the basins were supplied with water and men made new channels which were also filled. The wisest and best among the people knew that if it should ever again be forgotten and left unvisited the river would fail again and desolation return. So every day men and women and children have gone up the mountain-path with singing, to rejoice beside the spring and to remember the One Who opened it. The name of the city is no more Ablis, but Saloma, which is Peace.

"But there are many things yet to learn about our city. Therefore, my son, I bid you to be my guest; and tomorrow and on the following days you shall see how life goes on with us and read, if you can, the secret of the city."

That night I slept well, with the murmur of running water woven through my dreams. The next day I went out early for I was curious to see the manner of the visitation of the Source.

Already the people were coming forth and turning their steps upward on the mountain path beside the river. Some of them went alone, swiftly and in silence; others in groups of two or three, talking as they went; others were in larger companies, and they sang together very gladly and sweetly. But there were many people who remained working in their fields or in their houses. I joined myself to one of the men who walked alone and asked him why all the people did not go to the spring, since the life of the city depended upon it.

"Sir," he said, "I perceive that you are a stranger, for the way is both short and easy, so that the children are those who most delight in it. Of those who remain behind, some are the busy ones who must visit the fountain at another hour; and some are the careless ones who take life as it comes and never think where it comes from; and some are those who do not believe in the Source."

"How can that be?" I said; "do they not drink of the water and does it not make their fields green?"

"It is true," he said "but these men have made wells close by the river and they say that these wells fill themselves. Some of them say also that it is an unworthy thing to drink from a

source that another has opened and that every man ought to find a new spring for himself; so they spend the hour of the visitation and many more, in searching among the mountains where there is no path."

While I wondered over this, we kept on in the way. There was already quite a throng of people all going in the same direction. When we came to the Source, I heard the music of many voices and the beautiful name of Him Who had given His life to find the forgotten spring.

Then we came down again, singly and in groups. The river seemed already bright and full and joyous. As we passed through the gardens I saw men turning aside to make new channels through fields which were not yet cultivated. As we entered the city I saw the wheels of the mills that ground the corn whirling more swiftly and the maidens coming with their pitchers to draw from the brimming basins at the street corners. There was plenty of water everywhere.

I stayed in the city of Saloma many weeks, going up the mountain-path in the morning and returning to the day of work and the evening of play. I found many friends among the people of the city.

Yet there was something lacking between me and them. I came not onto firm ground with them, for all their warmth of welcome. They were by nature of the race of those who dwell ever in one place. I have been ever a seeker and the world seems to me made to wander in. Now this was what the people of Saloma could not understand and for this reason I seemed to them always a stranger. The very quietude and fixity of their being perplexed and estranged me. What to them was permanent, to me was transient. They were inhabitants; I was a visitor.

The one in all of Saloma with whom I was most at home was Ruamie, the little granddaughter of the man with whom I lodged. To her, a girl of thirteen, the wonted round of life had not yet grown to be a matter of course. She was quick to feel and answer the newness of every day that dawned. In the dusk she would sit beside me in an arbor of honeysuckle and question me about the flower that I was seeking,—for to her I had often spoken of my quest.

"Is it blue," she asked, "as blue as the speedwell that grows beside the brook?"

"Yes, it is much bluer than the speedwell."

"And is it bright," she asked?

"Yes, it is as much brighter than the drops of dew as the sun is clearer than the moon."

"And is it sweet," she asked?

"Yes, it is as much sweeter than the honeysuckle as the night is stiller and more sweet than the day."

"Tell me again," she asked, "when you saw it, and why do you seek it?"

"Once I saw it when I was a boy, no older than you. Our house looked out toward the hills, far away and at sunset softly blue against the eastern sky. It was the day that we laid my father to rest in the little burying-ground among the cedar trees. When the others had gone back to the house, I paced up and down alone; there was room enough for us all and in one corner where a young elm tree was growing would be my place, for I was the youngest.

"Then I looked off to the blue hills, shadowy and dream-like, the boundary of the little world that I knew. There, in a cleft between the highest peaks I saw a wondrous thing; for the place at which I was looking seemed to come nearer and nearer to me; I saw the trees, the rocks, the ferns, the white road winding before, the enfolding hills unclosed like leaves and in the heart of them I saw a Blue Flower, so bright, so beautiful that my eyes filled with tears as I looked. It was like a face that smiled at me and promised something. Then I heard a call, like the note of a trumpet very far away, calling me to come. As I listened the flower faded into the dimness of the hills."

"Did you follow it," asked Ruamie, "and did you go away from your home?"

"Yes, Ruamie, as soon as I was free I set out on my journey and my home is at the end of the journey, wherever that may be."

"And the flower," she asked, "you have seen it again?"

"Once again, when I was a youth, I saw it."

"And now," said the child, "you are at home with us. Will you not stay for a long, long while? You may find the Blue Flower here. There are many kinds in the field."

"I will stay while I can Ruamie," I answered, "but how long that may be I cannot tell, for the place where I must abide is the place where the flower grows, and when the call comes I must follow it."

There were many things in the city that troubled me and made me restless, in spite of the comfort of Ruamie's friendship. I came to see the meaning of what the old man had said about the shadow that rested upon his thoughts. There were many who said that the hours of visitation were only hours of dreaming and that it was of small moment whether men went to visit the fountain or not, provided they opened new canals through the fields.

As I listened to these sayings it seemed to me doubtful what the end of the city would be. And while this doubt was yet heavy upon me, I heard at midnight the faint calling of the trumpet, sounding along the crest of the mountains; and I went out to look whence it came. I saw, through the glimmering of the Milky Way, the shape of a blossom of celestial blue, whose petals seemed to fall and fade as I looked. So I bade farewell to the old man in whose house I had learned to love the hour of visitation and the Source and the name of him who opened it; and I kissed the hands of the little Ruamie who had entered my heart and went forth sadly from the land of Koorma to look for the Blue Flower.

Ten years passed before I came back again to Saloma.

It was not easy to find, for I came down through the mountains. The fields were lying parched and yellow under the sunrise, and great cracks gaped in the earth as if it were thirsty. The trenches and channels were still there, but there was little water in them. The girdle of gardens had shrunk like a wreath of withered flowers and all the bright embroidery of earth was faded to a sullen gray.

At the foot of an ancient, leafless olive tree I saw a group of people kneeling around a newly opened well. I asked a man

who was digging beside the dusty path what this might mean. He straightened himself, wiping the sweat from his brow and answered, sullenly, "They are worshipping the windlass: how else should they bring water in their fields?"

I passed on into the city. There was no sound of murmuring streams in the streets and down the main bed of the river I saw only a few shallow puddles, joined together by a slowly trickling thread. Even these were fenced and guarded so that no one might come near to them. There were men going among the houses with water-skins saying "Water! Water to sell!"

It is a sad change, I thought, and doubtless they who have caused it should suffer more than others. I asked a bystander at what hour and in what manner the people now observe the visitation of the Source.

He looked curiously at me and replied: "I do not understand you. There is no visitation save the inspection of the cisterns and the wells which the syndics of the city carry on daily at every hour. What Source is this of which you speak?"

So I went on through the street until I came to the house where I had lodged. There was a little basin here against the wall, with a slender stream of water still flowing into it.

The door of the house was closed, but when I knocked it opened and a maiden came forth. She was sad in aspect, but a light of joy dawned over her face and I knew by the youth in her eyes that it was Ruamie.

With both hands she welcomed me, saying: "You are expected. Have you found the Blue Flower?"

"Not yet," I answered, "but something drew me back to you."

"The Source!" she said. "Ah, yes, I was sure that you would remember It and this is the hour of the visitation. Come, let us go up together."

So forsaken was the path and so covered with stones that I could not have found it but for her guidance. As we climbed upward the air grew clearer and I questioned her of the things that had come to pass in my absence. I asked her of the kind old man who had taken me into his house when I came as a stranger. She said, softly, "He is dead."

"And where are the men and women, his friends, who once thronged this pathway? Are they also dead?"

"They also are dead."

"But where are the younger ones who sang here so gladly as they marched upward? Surely they are living."

"They have forgotten."

"But why have you alone kept the hour of visitation? How have you walked here solitary day after day?"

She turned to me with a divine regard and said, "I remember always."

We drew near to the Source and entered the chamber hewn in the rock. She kneeled and bent over the sleeping spring. She murmured again and again the name of Him who had given His life to find it. Her voice repeated the song that had once been sung by many voices. Her tears fell and the water stirred and rose to meet her bending face.

We came very slowly down the path along the river Carita and rested often beside it, for surely, I thought, the rising of the spring had sent a little more water down its dry bed and some of must flow on to the city.

It was almost evening when we came back to the streets. The people were hurrying to and fro and we came unnoticed to the door of the house.

Then I said to Ruamie, "You are the life of the city, for you alone remember. Its secret is in your heart and your faithful keeping of the hours of visitation is the only cause why the river has not failed altogether and the curse of desolation returned. Let me stay with you, sweet soul of all the flowers and I will cherish you forever. Together we will visit the Source every day; and we shall turn the people, by our lives and our words, back to that which they have forgotten."

There was a smile in her eyes so deep that its meaning cannot be spoken. She answered,

"Not so, dear friend, for who can tell whether life or death will come to the city, whether its people will remember at last, or whether they will forget forever. Its lot is mine, for I was born here and here my life is rooted. But you are of the Chil-

dren of the Unquiet Heart, whose feet can never rest until their task of errors is completed and their lesson of wandering is learned to the end. Until then go forth and do not forget that I shall remember always."

Behind her quiet voice I heard the silent call that compels us and passed down the street as one walking in a dream. At the place where the path turned aside to the ruined vineyards I looked back. The low sunset made a circle of golden rays about her head and a strange twin blossom of celestial blue seemed to shine in her tranquil eyes.

Since then I know not what has befallen the city, nor whether it is stilled called Saloma, or once more Ablis, which is Forsaken. But if it lives at all, I know that it is because there is one there who remembers and keeps the hour of visitation and treads the steep way and breathes the beautiful Name over the spring. Sometimes I think that long before my seeking and journeying brings me to the Blue Flower, it will bloom for Ruamie beside the still waters of the Source.

RIVER OF LIFE

I Am Life and Substance,
I Am Strength and Power,
Fearless, free, courageous,
Guiding you each hour.
Out of Earth's dark shadow
Into Love's bright glow,
Awakening God's pure life within you,
As I flow.

CHORUS:

Gliding swiftly through the temple,
Glad and joyous, pure and gentle;
Softly wooing, strong and loving,
Hear the river of God's Life within.

I Am Love and Wisdom,
I Am Peace and Truth
Fulfilling you Life's promise
Of Eternal Youth.

In God's Holy Presence,
Eagerly I go,
Cleansing, healing, harmonizing
As I flow.

V. January

The Great White Brotherhood

What is It? How does It function? Who are Its Members? These are questions which are brought forth by the individuals who are drawn by Its Power, interested in Its Service and desirous of becoming, if possible, affiliated with Its Purpose.

The Great White Brotherhood is a universal fraternity dedicated primarily to doing the Will of God upon the Earth. Its members are legion. Qualifications for membership are an innate desire to alleviate the distress of mankind, to promote some specific benefit to relieve pressures of mind and body in order to allow the natural spiritual power within every man freedom to act through the individual consciousness. In every nation, in every race, in every religion, are "lay members" of this Universal Brotherhood whose bond is love of God, love of man and love of service.

Many individuals working through the constructive channels of governmental procedure, educational development, humanitarian causes, artistic and cultural expressions, scientific research and medical ministration, promulgation of religious doctrine and ceremonial procedures dedicated to bringing the "sweet annointing from above" into the life experience of their fellow men are members of this Brotherhood. Often such good men and women do not even know they wear the "mystic robe" of spiritual fraternity which vests their mundane "workaday" garments with the lustre of inspiration and grace.

There is no "outer" organization of this Brotherhood in the usual sense of the word. Neither personality nor status of material worth is considered in the acceptance of such a Brother or Sister. Yet, far more enduring than the bonds of flesh and blood is the mystic tie that binds together the selfless members of the human race who labor for the good of the whole. It is a bond of cooperative service, a dedication to making the life of men happier, freer and more constructive which unites the Brothers and Sisters of this Order.

The honest citizen devoting his time, energy, substance and inspiration to civic reforms and governmental efficiency; to educational perfection; to the promotion of an honest feeling of tolerance and understanding between races and nationalities, to the development of inspiring types of music, art, architecture;

to finding the causes for and cures of the manifold diseases of mankind; to bringing forth of inventions in order to ease the "labors by the sweat of the brow"; to the stimulation of interest in God and worship at His altars; and to the understanding of the meaning behind the ceremonies of *all* religious faiths, is "ex-officio" a member of the outer court of this White Brotherhood. Such an one, by faithful performance of duty according to his present capacity, rises upon the Rolls of The Brotherhood to more and more responsible positions and earns the right to greater assistance, protection, guidance and instruction from his Elder Brothers and Sisters serving to the same end.

At some point upon the path of selfless service and Godly living, there is a period of transition from the unconscious membership in this order into a conscious, responsible, working membership.

The short span of Earth life does not permanently exhaust the virtues of an individual, nor limit the development of the talents and gifts which he has given upon the altar of humanity. Even as "practice makes perfect" whether one is studying the intricacies of the musical scale or the keyboard of a typewriter, so does the exercise of the gifts of an individual develop a greater capacity to serve. This personal development is the logical outcome of consecration and dedication to any particular line of self-expression. Thus, through the ages the men and women who have contributed to the welfare of humanity are drawn by the irrevocable law of attraction into a closer and closer bond of consciousness. So-called death (temporary removal from the scene of earthly evolution) could not possibly shut off a channel of energy through an individual who is progressing, evolving and perfecting his services and talents (primarily through the consecration of these powers to God and the mankind whom He desires to be the benefactors of His every gift).

Thus, even when an individual has completed his service in this world and has passed through the change called death, he does not lose interest in the mankind for whom he has labored, sacrificed his time, energy and sometimes even his body's life. Rather, his interest, love and solicitude increase with his personal development.

Those who are thus joined together in common endeavor on Earth continue that service in the realms to which they have

earned right of access by such cooperative activity. As the Sun Itself does not limit Its shining to one beam, neither does the Father of Light limit His gifts and benefactions to one individual. He pours those gifts and blessings impersonally through any *open door* (receptive consciousness).

Those referred to in the Bible as "the Heavenly Host" are those Members of the Great White Brotherhood Who have served mankind through the ages, have freed Themselves from the limitations of the flesh, and are now the Elder Brothers and Sisters of humanity. The mankind of Earth who are cognizant of Their presence refer to Them as the Spiritual Hierarchy. There are many Members of this Heavenly Host Who have manifested the decree "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Their one desire is to help mankind to achieve a like perfection and to continue Their service to mankind through those still in human form who desire to represent Them. Of course, our Beloved Master Jesus is One of this Spiritual Order.

Under His supervision, in the world today, are all the great priests, ministers and teachers of religious and metaphysical law. Through these, His representatives on Earth, He continues His Ministry to the mankind embodied on the planet today. There are many other Members of this Brotherhood Who specialize in training individuals along particular lines of service. It will be the purpose of this column to acquaint you with some of these Elder Brothers and Sisters and of Their specific service to life, as well as to give you the way and means by which *you* can qualify to work with Them. Thus you can receive of Their inspiration, guidance, radiation and assistance in developing *your* specific talents and gifts for your own individual progress and for the assistance of your fellowman.

Prayer of Consecration of Your Life to Beloved Master Jesus

Take my body, Jesus, eyes and ears and tongue
Never let them, Jesus, help to do Thee wrong.
Take my heart and fill it full of love for Thee
All I have I give Thee. Give Thyself to me.

My Lord I offer Thee—this day
All I shall *think* or *do* or *say*,
Uniting it with what is done
On Earth by Jesus Christ, Thy Son.

"The FATHER and I—"

(A Spiritual Partnership)

***"Heretofore the Father worked, now the Father and I work."* (St. John 5.)**

Today is a day when every man is called upon to draw forth his ultimate resources of strength, of faith, of courage, of endurance!

From whence shall we secure the necessary spiritual and physical vitality to sustain ourselves as individuals and as a race? From our SOURCE, by whatever Name our creeds and religions have chosen to call HIM. Surely He Who has made us in His Own living Image and likeness will make available to us all the energy, the necessary vital power and the directing intelligence to bring to a successful fruition those ideas, plans, patterns and designs of which we find ourselves possessed individually.

The old maxims that have come down through the ages as the counsel of the Teachers and Sages of every era all point us toward the Fount of Life for our Refuge, our Comfort, our Sustenance, our Guide.

No man wishes to neglect his personal obligations nor to fall short of his own responsibilities to life, his family, his business, his friends, his nation and his planetary home. Yet, the very pressure of modern living has made many forget from "*whence cometh their help.*" It is the re-orientation of the human consciousness, the re-wiring of the individual circuit to the Divine Battery (The Great Being Who sustains the universe) which will be the salvation of the individual and of the race. To again come into tune with the Infinite brings the peace, the supply, the health, and the strength required to fulfill our individual part in the great God plan for the universe and all its attendant life.

Doctor Norman Vincent Peale (a good example of a lay member of The Great White Brotherhood) tells the story of how the baseball pitcher, Frank Hiller, became weary through the arduous exertions of a strenuous game. He renewed his strength so he was able to complete the game to the benefit of his team by reciting the verse:

> "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount upon wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." (Isaiah 40:3)

Said Mr. Hiller: "I passed a powerful energy producing feeling through my body and received the necessary vitality to sustain me."

Every man who has a beating heart is connected with the Source of all life, no matter how frail the stream of energy seems to be which sustains his life. The amount of energy which flows to each man is determined by how much he asks for—i.e. by the demands of his daily experience, each varied demand regulating that flow. If in His wisdom the God of the universe sees fit to supply even a small stream of life to an individual, it must follow that God desires to render a special service through him to the world in which the individual lives. Surely, an all-wise Intelligence would not squander life and consciousness upon a useless experiment. It is for man to ask of this bountiful Giver first to what use He wishes this life put and second for as much of the vitality, strength, courage, intelligence and physical sustenance as may be required to complete this plan in the most perfect manner to His glory and for the benefit of his fellowman.

> "Beloved Heavenly Father, You have given me Being! Every day You provide the priceless gift of life for me to use to fulfill my part in the Divine Plan. The ideas, visions and designs of perfection which enter my mind come from You! I ask You now to bless my mind that I may receive freely those designs which You know I can best fulfill according to my talents and capacities. I ask You to give to me the strength, the spiritual vitality, enthusiasm and courage to stay with the plan until it is fulfilled. I ask You, now, to open the door so that my gift to life may be given to those who can most benefit by it. I thank You, for I know "Before they have called, I have answered and while they are yet speaking I have heard."

"Whatsoever Ye Will . . . Ask . . ."

(A True Story)

DEAREST BETTY:

It was so good to hear from you and to have you tell Joe and me the good news about the children. When they are well and happy it is always a source of sincere thankfulness to the One Who gave them to us!

I am answering your letter promptly because in yours you touched on a subject dear to my heart—"miracles." When you

asked me if I believed in them and did I think they could happen today, I determined to tell you this true experience at once.

Yes! I do most sincerely believe in so-called "miracles," having experienced quite a few myself in the course of a long and busy life, as well as having heard similar experiences told me by many friends from time to time. Here is a sample:

I think you will remember Flo Moore—that attractive blonde girl with whom we used to walk to High School. Well, she married rather young and had three lovely children, two sons and a daughter. Flo and her husband had not had much opportunity to save reserve cash, the children being born within a year of each other.

When her husband passed on quite unexpectedly, Flo went back to work and a neighbor kindly looked after the children during the day as only the oldest was of school age. For a while things went pretty well, even though there was never much cash in the family purse. Then work became scarce at the manufacturing plant where she was employed. The plant closed down the middle of November with Christmas just ahead. She tried desperately to get another position immediately but without success. You know she always had lots of spirit and just refused to borrow money or let her plight be known to her friends.

As the Christmas season came nearer Flo said she tried with renewed effort to get work but the shock of Fred's passing during the past year, together with the strain, was beginning to tell on her health. When a chance came to do "extra" work in one of the stores, Flo's health did not measure up to the requirements demanded by the position offered.

Flo had never been an individual who had exercised her faith in church affairs but she had attended Sunday School as a child and she and her family always had a little prayer time each night before retiring. These prayers were like so many millions prayed—mostly habit of thought, feeling and words—praying with the lips while the heart (feelings) was filled with the worry and dread of tomorrow's desolation.

Flo had not told the children, but she had spent the last cent of their little store of money for food the day before Christmas and there was neither food nor money to celebrate

the Great Day! Besides, this was the very first Christmas since Dad had gone.

Flo told me herself that she had never felt so helpless and hopeless as she did on awakening that Christmas morning, knowing there was not a thing in the house to eat nor a penny with which to buy any. Then, ever so gently floating down into her consciousness she remembered the words of our Beloved Jesus: "If ye know how to give good gifts to your children, HOW MUCH MORE will your Heavenly Father give to them that ASK HIM!" Certainly! That was the only way out—she saw it now! As soon as all were dressed, she called them together saying, "Children, if our darling Daddy were with us today and we asked him for what we needed, WE KNOW HE'D GIVE IT TO US, don't we? Well, let's ask *our Heavenly Father* to take care of us now *and I know he will do it too!*" They knelt before the large davenport in the living room and each one sent up the most heart-felt prayer of which he was capable. They stayed thus for at least a half hour, Flo said, when suddenly there came the ringing of the doorbell.

Flo opened the door and there stood a well-dressed gentleman. He handed her an envelope, after being assured she was Fred's wife, saying "I heard about your husband's passing and I felt I just had to pay back a loan he made me several years ago—even before he met you, I believe. I hope it will make your family's Christmas much happier!" He left at once and she could hardly wait to open the envelope.

Within it was a crisp $100 bill (Fred's "bread cast upon the waters") and, of course, the family had the best and happiest Christmas they had ever known—not only because of the good fortune they were enjoying but because GOD HAD HEARD AND ANSWERED THEIR PRAYERS! Was that not a miracle?

You ask "What is a miracle?" A Wise One has said "Miracles are GOD'S WAYS, UNINTERFERED WITH BY MAN." That's good, isn't it? Their answer came at just the right time when it could bless that family the most. It came neither too early nor too late to render them the best possible service. We have heard it said "Man's extremity is God's opportunity" because then man really lets go of his own way and rests in the confidence of THE GOOD IN GOD'S WAY! *You see,* the FEELING OF CONFIDENCE toward God opened the doors

of their consciousness *AND THE "MIRACLE" CAME RIGHT IN!*

I have been thinking while I was writing you—"Why don't we live the MIRACLE way all the time?" We could, if we would!

More later—our love to you all—

Your devoted

BEATRICE. (MRS. B. A. BLESSING)

Parenthood—Its Responsibilities and Opportunities

"Unto us, a child is born—unto us a son is given" (Isaiah 9:6)

There are comparatively few among the race as a whole who are cognizant of the tremendous opportunity offered parents, teachers and guardians who accept the responsibility from the Heavenly Father to represent Him in this world of form. These people must provide the security, guidance, love and assistance required by children newly come from the realms above! There is no such thing as "happenstance" regarding birth! Family association and the fellowship and companionship which develop among parents, teachers, guardians and children are the result of a definite law of cause and effect.

Parents provide the open door through which a soul is given invitation into the world theater. Although the body is provided through man, God *loans* the soul to individuals who are worthy to take part in the interesting service of developing the latent talents, gifts, and virtues of such souls. As a result of careful guidance, these souls will contribute to the progress of the race and the easing of the burdens of their fellow man.

The miraculous experience of birth has been pondered by every thinking man or woman who has gazed with something akin to awe at the new born infant, come from the unseen into the realms of form. The spiritual responsibility of the parents, the harmonious atmosphere of the home, the intelligent counsel of the growing years are the gifts of the parents and guardians and—later—of the teachers of these children who are the

happiness of today and the hope of tomorrow's world. Would that every individual so entrusted with the care and upbringing of children might understand that the state of tomorrow's world depends, to a far greater extent than he can yet realize, upon the cultivation of the dormant talents and virtues which are the individual soul's potential gift to life.

Even as you are reading these words, a potential St. Francis of Assissi, a future Einstein, Duse or Caruso is standing expectantly on the threshhold of birth in some home—each with a particular destiny to unfold; each with a distinct portion of the Father's heritage; each with a mission from the Heavenly realms from whence he comes. As the mankind of Earth come to a realization that each soul is truly "begotten" of the Heavenly Father," they will endeavor to breathe upon the child's aspirations their faith; upon the child's gifts their sustenance to cultivate and develop those talents; upon the ideals and visions of the child's mind not yet clouded by scepticism and seeming failure, their courage, strength and conviction that truly "with God all things are possible."

We are told that God made man in His own Image and likeness! We must learn to accept that for our children. *We must nourish the Divine pattern* despite appearance of impurity, of disease and limitation, of trial and error. Thus the fresh new shoots of tomorrow's flowers gain the strength necessary to anchor their own roots in the heart of God and flourish as God intends. It is in the early years of becoming acquainted with the ways of the world that children's hopes and dreams, plans and talents must be guarded and sustained. For this reason, the Heavenly Father shares with us the joy and opportunity of becoming HIMSELF to those souls entrusted to our care.

> Our Heavenly Father! You are the only Divine Father of all the children of Earth! Now that we are endowed with the responsibility and opportunity of representing You to the soul of our incoming child, guide us with Your Wisdom! Guard us with Your Purity! Inspire us with your Love for this child! Supply us with Your substance! Help us to create and sustain the home, atmosphere and aura of Your Presence on Earth. This child shall fulfill Thy Will and contribute generously to the betterment of the human race at this time! Amen .

Our Dear Jesus' Victory

Jesus! We greet Thee on this day of days—
Master of love, Who trod the Path before us;
Thy understanding light and patient ways—
E'en as we think of Thee Thy gifts restore us!
Memories arise of days gone by
When, with Thy gentle heart, we sought oft to bring love's ministration.
Now is our time! Our day is come!
Jesus! Crown all with Thy victory who serve Thee and Thy Cause of Light.

Jesus beloved! Before Thy light we bow—
Grateful to Thee for *victory here and now!*
Thine not the vapory glory of the past—
Thine *daily victory over all at last!*
Glory to God! All men are free
Walking in Wisdom's ways of Love Divine inspired by Thee!
Hosanna! Glory to God! Love's adoration to Him Who has taught us Love's Eternal Way!

Faithful and true Thou art, O Friend of Light!
Great Thy solicitude for life and tender—
Showing the Father's love as Heaven's might
Brings all mankind to God in full surrender.
Glory to God! In joyous shout—
Let all that lives rejoice, e're the very stones of Earth cry out—
Hosanna! Praise be to God! Let Resurrection's great Flame now reveal all that God meant to be!

Look now to Him, O ye of every land!
He has the power of love to raise and free you;
He lived victorious on every hand—
So able now to raise and perfect see you!
Praise be to God! In Heaven's Name—
Let Masters, men and Angels join now in glorious exaltation!
Hosanna! Glory to God! Glory to Jesus the Christ, all victorious for Eternity!

Melody—"The Palms."

Looking Ahead In Education

I—Need for a Shift of Emphasis

Human consciousness changes. Consequently philosophies and methods of education which were sufficient in one era prove inadequate in the next.

Those most sensitive to the New Order become its pioneers, mapping out the course of the more abundant life; those less advanced, fearing innovation, attempt to deter new movements.

We are, at this moment, in one of these transition periods, bridging as it were from the old to the new.

During these times of change many are bewildered; are willing to admit that unusual problems confront them; they sense the inadequacy of their present system; they see the need of some kind of revision, but invariably they attempt to regulate the new situation by methods with which they are already familiar. It is like the putting of "new patches" on a much worn garment—until the vestment itself falls apart and of necessity a better fitting raiment is designed, cut to a pattern more becoming to the wearer.

Now what is the ideal of the future to which the frontiersman is directing our attention?—That ideal is the full perfection of the God-like qualities inherent in every individual. All we need to do is realize that we are actually sons of God.

Even two thousand years ago the Master Jesus expressed the same truth in His statement: "I say ye are gods."

From fable and legend we may have construed that "gods" are ephemeral phantoms concocted by an equally phantasmal imagination. In reality the word "god" is a shortened form of "good." That is all—constructive, positive, permanent *good*.

Within the individual himself lie all the elements necessary to make a "god" of a human being.

It is because we are manifesting less than the "good" of which we are really capable that we remain clothed in the now threadbare garment, rather than donning the "god" vestment, symbolic of our true identity.

Our educational system (philosophy) has, up to this time, dealt more with what we seem to be, rather than with what we truly are; with effects, not causes; with the individual as a body enclosing spirit rather than as a spirit wearing body.

The shift in emphasis needs to be from form to spirit. As

human consciousness evolves, spirit demands recognition and expression. Although encased in flesh, it is the essence of life itself with which education in the immediate future will have to deal successfully.

Regardless of our instruction of the past, *and not because of it,* history has been replete with examples of spirit burning through the crystallized thought pattern of the day; defying mass objection; expressing itself for what it really is—even though the form which wore it experienced the pyre, the gallows, or the cross.

Individuals through whom spirit does express most fully are later recognized as geniuses, whether in the field of exploration, philosophy, government, science, or art. *They have manifested concretely truths arrived at through perception, rather than merely memorizing facts already accrued by reason.* They have penetrated that Kingdom of Heaven which is within and brought forth its blessings for the benefit of mankind.

All individuals are geniuses in embryo of one kind or another—present appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. This, too, the Master Jesus taught when He said, "These things that I do, ye shall do also, and even greater things."

For these many years we have looked upon His teachings as platitudes to be read rather than possibilities to be accomplished. Hence, we have remained in our human limitations rather than being in daily living what we were meant to be—"gods" created in His Image and Likeness.

It shall be the privilege and obligation of education in the years immediately ahead to restore man to his lost estate—to bring the prodigal home—by helping him to understand and develop his Divine attributes.

Seeking first the kingdom of heaven all other things shall be added unto him.—M.F.S.

There Is No Death!

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."
—Jesus (John 11:26)

"I tell you, they have not died, they are but glorified." So go the words of one of our lovely modern songs. This we have been taught to believe, whatever our race, creed, nationality or religion. Yet, the parting, the separation, the unknown element which shrouds the passing of a loved one from this

Earth brings uncertainty, grief, bitterness and unwonted distress not only to the bereaved but often to the soul itself who stands on the brink of Eternity.

While the individuals who have "lost" a loved one suffer in the parting, let us remember that the soul who has passed through the veil has not the comfort and companionship afforded by the group association of family and friends yet remaining at this side of the "Great Beyond."

It is the duty, the responsibility and the moral obligation of those *who truly love the departed individual* to give of their strength, courage, love, fearlessness and prayers. *These feelings will assist the soul* to take its rightful place in a body free of pain, distress, age and limitation, ever progressing onward toward the perfection which is every man's ultimate destiny.

The story is told of a grieving mother who was taken in spirit to the Elysian Fields to see her little daughter who had passed through the change called "death." The mother was delighted to see the happy children, playing on the grassy sward, their faces alight with the happiness of the hour. Then to her dismay she saw her own little child staggering under the weight of a heavy jar, which prevented her from joining in the pleasures of the other children. "Why," said the mother, "is my child so unfairly burdened?" Gently the answer came. "That jar is filled with the tears of your grief." So it is often in the experience of a soul newly released from the Earth. It is enough to find oneself in an entirely new atmosphere, with a new circle of companions and fellow-workers, without the weight of grief from those who are left behind burdening the soul. If a loved one goes on a vacation, the friends and family do not unnecessarily burden such an one with letters and communications intruding all manner of unpleasant and worrisome troubles taking place at home. In like manner, the cares, the struggles and the confusions of Earth-life can be as deeply felt by individuals who have been invited into a fuller, freer life "over there," if their attention is unduly drawn to these by grief!

An intelligent, mature, understanding heart accepts the professions of the individual's faith or creed and, rejoicing in life everlasting, is a good-enough friend to not only give a heartfelt "bon voyage" to the loved one but also a constant

flowing stream of constructive thoughts and feelings to help him on his way.

A far more lasting memorial to such a soul than cold marble or "widow's weeds" is the encouragement which helps the soul to find its place in its new estate. Then it can enjoy its freedom and enroll in the great school-rooms of life to which it has been summoned—not as a punishment but for the great opportunity which the God of Mercy feels is deserved by that individual progressing upon the pathway HOME!

———

Dear Heavenly Father! From Your heart came the soul of ———— into this world. For the joy, the companionship, the love and the shared opportunities of working and serving together, I thank Thee!

As (he-she) answers Your summons to a fuller life of greater service and happiness, let the love, strength, courage and faith of all (his-her) loved ones and friends become a living ladder of light upon which (he-she) may ascend in dignity to answer Your call! Beloved Father, as all proceeds according to Your Will, let us rejoice in life and know—beyond all question of doubt—the truth of the words of Thy Son: "He that believeth in Me shall not die but shall have everlasting life."—AMEN.

This magazine is consecrated to the service of helping every individual (no matter what his race, his religious affiliations or his profession) to come into closer communion with his God.

It is entirely non-sectarian and shall endeavor at all times to give those particular spiritual "levers" that help men to rise toward the Source of all Life, *which is ONE* In All! It is the heart-felt belief of the editor and the staff that the God-loving men and women of this Earth are truly the HOPE of the world and every endeavor which brings people closer to God has our support, our love and our blessing.

In this day of enlightened thinking, men and women are learning that fundamental truths are to be found beneath the debris of the many sects and isms and those truths are based on the well loved biblical statement "GOD IS LOVE."

THE EDITOR

HOPE— ~~P. O. Box #5, Flourtown, Pennsylvania~~

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